NOTICE.

The Circulation of the MINER is greater by 500 than that of any paper published in McKean County, outside of Bradford.

McKean County Miner.

McKean County Miner.

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L. ROGERS & SON, Proprietors.

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Mail via R. N. Y. & P. R. R. (Clermont Branch) arrives at 12:15 p. m. and leaves at 6:30 a. m., and leaves at 6:00 a. m. and 1:30 p. m.

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City Directory.

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Smethport, Pa., Nov. 6, 1889.—tf.

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THE HIDDEN WILL.

AMANDA M. DOUGLAS IN THE BOSTON TRUE FLAG.

long. Since her quarrel with Mr. Harton Persis had been especially bitter against all the family save Miss Olive, whom she loved tenderly. Jane, being a newcomer in the place, and rather disposed for gossip, was quite a godsend to her. On her part Jane retailed her information to Dora, who soon understood the family history perfectly well.

Persis declared Mrs. Chorley had never been the same woman after her second marriage, and that she felt assured Mr. Harton had managed to entangle her in some villainy, or he could never have ruled her so completely. "You should have seen how she carried her head in Mr. Chorley's time," the old woman would generally conclude with.

It appeared singular to Dora that Mr. Harton should wish to remain in a place where he was regarded with so much suspicion when he had ample means to enable him to live elsewhere. As Mrs. Bertrand preferred the quiet of her room much of the time, Dora was left to her own speculations and amusements, and having little else to occupy her attention, had become deeply interested in the history connected with Chorley Cliffs. Now she visited the old tower daily. Her nature was not superstitious or fearful, and the many curious relics there pleased her greatly.

II.

It was a bright night with a full moon. Dora had lain awake a long while, listening to the ticking of the clock, the regular breathing of her mother, and the heavier respiration of Jane. The sleeping apartments were on the side toward the tower, nearly all the rooms being on one floor, as the house itself was low. Many a time vague imaginations had floated through Dora's mind, and even now she could not refrain from going over the old story. Then a crash of something startled her, a smothered sound, as if it came through walls, and in the direction of the tower. With senses painfully acute, she sat upright in bed, and strove to catch another token of the real or imaginary intruder. In vain. Only the sleepers on either hand broke the perfect stillness, and presently the voice of her mother, requiring some trifling attention. So she composed herself to sleep again, but the incident recurred to her in the morning, and immediately after breakfast she set out to explore the tower, her heart beating with quite a new emotion.

The neighborhood was extremely quiet and at this point quite thickly settled, so it was hardly possible any one would attempt to enter such an old place where no valuables were kept.

She ascended the steps slowly, and on reaching the second floor took a comprehensive survey. The study looked as usual: not a thing had been disturbed. Raising her eyes they rested on a window overlooking the main house. The sash seemed to her displaced and several new panes of glass missing. Following out the suggestion, her eyes wandered to the floor, which was strewn with numerous fragments. Her first impulse was to fly down stairs and give the alarm; then she reflected a moment. Might not the wind—but no, there had been scarcely a breath the preceding night, certainly not enough to dislodge the window frame. She drew a chair to the wall, and climbing up, took hold of it. Yes, it was loose. There seemed traces of a recent disarrangement—finger marks in the dust and the disturbance of moths and spiders that had built houses for themselves in the corners. The window had evidently fallen out; this was the noise she had heard in the night. If it had lain there on the floor she would not have felt a whit disturbed, but it must have been put back by human agency. What could any one hope to gain after effecting such an entrance?

Dora knew it would not do to needlessly disturb her mother and Jane. They were comfortably situated; the quiet and retirement satisfied Mrs. Bertrand completely, and her health had improved vastly since her coming to Chorley Cliffs. It would be unfortunate to leave it just now, and impossible to stay unless the mystery was solved, or shared with some one. Jane would make a poor confidant; indeed, no persuasions could induce her to enter the tower, so she would be of no assistance in the way of a search. Oh, if Olive were only here! And then Dora thought her wisest plan would be to go down stairs and look the tower door, leaving the old place alone for the present. So she did so and went slowly toward the door, and then gathering courage, peeped in the closet, which was partially opened. No gallid ghost or burly form of midnight burglar met her view; only the bright, cheerful face of Vincent Chorley, that seemed ready to banter her out of her fears. For many moments she stood irresolute, then made a hasty examination of the place. It was not possible for any one to be concealed there. What if she were mistaken, after all? Perhaps Olive might have taken the window out, and the noise in the night might have proceeded from some other cause. She went cautiously around the study—it was quite reassuring to find nothing unusual there.

Then she entered the passage, and considered whether she should go down or up. It would be an advantage to entirely herself thoroughly; then she would not be in momentary fear of causing her mother some sudden alarm. Without any positive mental decision, she began to mount the steps slowly, and on reaching the top drew a long breath of satisfaction. The morning sun poured through the eastern window in golden floods—the whole place was full of filmy radiance.

How Dora Bertrand first became aware she was not the only inmate of the place, I can hardly tell. It was a vague impression at first, something shadowy and almost imperceptible, then it grew into a fear, and next a reality. Spellbound by terror, her own respiration seemed almost to stop, while every instant the other's breathing became more regular and distinct. The intruder was certainly asleep. There was but one place shielded from her observation—the quaint carved wooden settle, whose high back was towards her. It seemed hours before she could command sufficient strength to take another step, so slowly passed these dull moments of terror. At length the point was reached, and she saw—something real and physical, but not the generally received idea of a housebreaker.

A young man of six or eight and twenty, in a careless but graceful position, one arm under his head for a pillow, the other drooping over the edge of the settle, and displaying a firm white hand that would not have shamed a lady. His hair and beard were of a sunny brown, the upper part of his broad forehead clear and fair as a girl's, but the rest of his face many shades darker, the fervent color of the southern tropical tomato. He was a handsome, manly countenance, and losing her fear, she began to consider where she had seen it before.

A pleasant, familiar face, one on which she could place the smile, and remember precisely how the open would look when the drooping lids were raised. Where could she have seen it? She had no fear of it now, and longed impatiently for him to awake. He seemed in no hurry, though; but presently the sun rays began to steal over his face, and then he stretched, yawned and began slowly to open his eyes. They did not rest on Dora Bertrand for some moments, however, and then he sat upright suddenly, as if he had received an electric shock, his face growing perceptibly paler every instant. She stood quite still, unable to speak or fly.

"Are you Olive Harton?" he asked, at length, in a constrained tone.

"No." She remembered, then, how she had come to know the face so well and added, "But you are Allingham Chorley."

"I cannot deny it," he said, with a haughty gesture, "and I may be confessing to friend—or foe."

There was a silence of some seconds; then he began:

"How did you come here this morning?"

"I live in the house;" and Dora longed to add something more assuring, yet scarcely knew what to say.

"Indeed!" he said, in a surprised tone. "I thought the house was empty. I did not know Mr. Harton would dare to let it;" and there was a perceptible sneer on his lip and in his voice.

"We came here in May," Dora added.

"I was here in March and heard then it had never been tenanted. Mr. Harton is home, of course?"

"No, the family are all away and will not return in several days."

"I must beg you to pardon me," he said, rising, "for thus entering your abode. If I had been aware of your residing here or of Mr. Harton's absence, I should not have chosen this course. There are reasons why I do not care to have my presence here known; yet, believe me, I would not on any account have disturbed or alarmed you. May I trust that I have not given you too severe a fright?"

Dora could not but smile at thus finding herself on familiar terms with a person who a short half hour ago was the object of her deepest solicitude and fear. As if interpreting the smile, he held out his hand frankly, and said, in deep, hesitant tones that carried faith with them:

"Let us be friends. I need a friend here sadly, for I am an unwilling alien in the house of my fathers. I will prove to you some day that I am not utterly unworthy of confidence."

Dora took the proffered hand. He seemed so little like a stranger that in a few moments she found herself relating not only the event that had disturbed her midnight quiet, but many incidents concerning the Hartons; and he in turn, when he found she knew the episode of his supposed attempt on Mr. Harton's life, related what had befallen him since. He had spent five years at the west, in a mercantile house, and two in Europe. Now the business had passed into other hands on account of the death of his employer, and finding a lull in his hitherto busy life, he had determined to come to Chorley Cliffs, and if possible make a thorough search for the lost will.

"On my return from Europe last March I came out here for a few hours, and satisfied myself a little as to matters concerning the house. I concluded my safest course would be to gain the tower unknown to any one. Its reputation of being haunted might favor me a little, I thought. I reached the next town below here in time to obtain my supper, and shortly afterward started to walk hither. The night was so beautiful that I loitered on the way, consequently I did not arrive here until the lights were out, and not dreaming of the place being inhabited, proceeded at once to gain entrance. I tried two of the doors below, and found them fastened, as I supposed I should; then I mounted the roof, and finding the woodwork of the window partially decayed, with the aid of my knife soon forced an entrance. I should have been more careful had I supposed the noise would alarm any one. And now, what is my sentence to be for thus feloniously entering your residence? Please be a little merciful."

"It was not my house," returned Dora, with a sad sob, "no I may be lenient. But do you really hope to find the will?"

"My father died in the positive belief there was a will hidden away somewhere. His brother's wife found hers in a closet in the room below, a place he had searched through vainly. Indeed, he felt well convinced she must first have put it there. Mr. Harton acted very suspiciously, I think, after his wife's death. He was not at all willing for me to enter the tower. Now, if he felt really satisfied as to my grandfather's will, why should he object to my search I might like to make? My present purpose is to penetrate every conceivable nook or possible hiding place—that is, if I can gain your mother's permission to stay here awhile."

Dora remained talking until she heard Jane's voice calling her to her morning's duties. Promising to arrange for an interview between Mr. Chorley and her mother, she ran down, received a small scolding from the impatient Jane, who wondered what she could find in that old ghost tower to interest her so much. She read awhile to her mother and then assisted Jane with the dinner, finding no time for the conversation she had promised herself. However, Jane was going to spend the afternoon with a sick neighbor, and when Dora saw her walk down the garden path in all the glory of clean dress and white apron she took out her sewing and sat down beside her mother with a satisfied smile.

"Mamma," she began, after a considerable silence, "do you think it would be wrong for Mr. Chorley to come here and search the place for his grandfather's will?"

"Why, no, child," said Mrs. Bertrand. "But you know he could not do it openly, on account of his former trouble with Mr. Harton. So he would have to remain concealed, and work quietly. Should you disapprove very much of such a course?"

"It is not likely he will come, Dora. Why do you seem so interested?"

"I think he will, mamma; indeed, I have seen him."

Mrs. Bertrand gave a sudden start, glancing around almost as if she expected to see him, too.

"Where is he?" she asked. "Surely not in the village? It is well Mr. Harton is away."

"He is here in this house, or rather in the tower, and wishes to see you."

"To see me! When did he come? Are you sure it is he, Dora?"

"Quite sure; he looks so like the picture of his father. And now do not be frightened, mamma, while I tell you the whole story;" and Dora came and knelt beside her mother, while she repeated the incidents of the morning, leaving out much of the alarm she had experienced.

Mrs. Bertrand was greatly surprised, and quite undecided what course to pursue, but Dora pleaded so warmly in Mr. Chorley's behalf, that she at length said:

"I think we might manage it but for Jane."

"But Jane is very trusty when one really confides in her. I think she would be too proud of having a secret to keep."

So presently Dora went to summon Mr. Chorley, who succeeded in deepening the good impression the young girl had begun. He was very manly and straightforward, and when he repeated his father's dying charge Mrs. Bertrand began almost to believe in the possibility of a will being found.

They were still talking earnestly when a shadow passed the window, Dora sprang into the hall, closing the door behind her, and found an old friend, but most unwelcome guest, entering the wide doorway. She stood quite still, her face paling visibly.

"My darling Dora, I have frigatened you almost to death, have I not?" said the gay, pleasant voice of Olive Harton.

"I was not expecting you—when did you return?"

"At noon, and I couldn't wait, I wanted to see you so. We returned sooner than we intended, and Clara's lover came with us. She is to be married immediately. And your mother—is she quite well?"

"Improving all the time. Excuse me a moment, Olive, dear, while I go and prepare her for a visitor. Come in the parlor."

"No, I'll sit here," and Olive took one of the chairs in the hall.

There was no mode of egress from Mrs. Bertrand's room save into the hall, and consequently Mr. Chorley was a prisoner. After a moment's consideration, Mrs. Bertrand came forth with her daughter, and all three entered the parlor opposite.

"I don't believe you are a bit glad to see me," Olive said, with an embarrassed laugh. "You did not use to make such company of me."

Both Dora and her mother tried to place their guest at ease as rapidly as possible, and Mrs. Bertrand judged this would be more readily done by leading her to talk of her journey. In a few moments Olive launched into a lively description of all she had seen, and expressed her delight in the approaching wedding; "only," she ended with, "I don't like Clara's lover, and I am afraid I never shall."

Mrs. Bertrand gave her some gentle, motherly advice, but Olive soon changed the subject by inquiring what Dora had busied herself about the last three weeks.

After this there came a little awkward lull, and Olive rose to go.

"Oh," she said, pausing in the hall, "have you seen the tower ghost yet, Dora? Come, let us take a turn in the old rookery."

Dora would fain have declined, but Olive pushed on in gay unconcern. It was well her eyes or suspicions were not very acute, or she would have discovered some traces of Mr. Chorley's recent search. Dora fairly trembled, and was thankful when they reached the hall.

"I may as well take the key home, I suppose," Olive exclaimed. "Papa might happen to ask about it."

"Oh, not now," said the frightened Dora. "I want it a few days longer."

"Very well! But how oddly you act, Dora; and first you are pale, then crimson—what is the matter?"

"Nothing!" and Dora laughed to hide her agitation, walking with her companion to the end of the garden, and promising to come over early the next morning.

"It is too bad," Dora said, vehemently, when she returned, "that the Hartons should have come back just now."

"I must be expeditious in my search," returned Mr. Chorley. "If you will not be frightened, I think that I should like to work a little to-night."

Both ladies consented. When Jane returned she was informed Mr. Allingham Chorley had come to search the tower and desired the strictest silence on the matter. He accepted Dora's invitation to come down to tea, and Jane declared in confidence to her young mistress as she was washing up the tea things "that she almost hoped Mr. Chorley would find the will, he was such a nice looking, pleasant young gentleman."

The next morning Dora spent with her friend Olive, and all the afternoon she kept the tower door fastened lest some unlucky mischance should betray Mr. Chorley. He worked assiduously, searching for private drawers, and took down the panelling in the study. But as he had to replace everything, his progress was not as rapid as he could wish.

On the third day Dora was alarmed by seeing Mr. Harton walk rapidly up the path with a flushed and angry face. She was glad her mother had gone to ride with the doctor, and confronted Mr. Harton with all the bravery she could summon. He rudely demanded the key of the tower, and told Dora that she had no right to enter it, that it was his property and he had let her mother no privilege whatever. She took the key from the nail and handed it to him, much relieved when she saw him turn away.

As if reconsidering, he wheeled suddenly round and marched straight to the tower door. Dora sprang forward, her heart beating in great bounds, and said, with sudden vehemence:

"Let me go, Guy; please do."

"Get away!" And he pushed her roughly aside.

She sank down on the floor in strange, breathless pain, and listened with intense eagerness for some sound. At last she heard it—too surely. Mr. Chorley had been discovered. Half an hour elapsed before Mr. Harton came down, and then he strode through the hall and garden like a madman.

Dora ran out doors eagerly and gave a glance to the window by which Mr. Chorley had entered. Moment after moment she watched, hoping to see him escape, but all was silent as the grave. Wringing her hands, she said, over and over again:

"What can I do for him? How shall I save him?"

Jane was equally perturbed, and even Mrs. Bertrand, though she tried to be very impartial, could not repress her sympathy, and even began to plan some mode of assisting him. But she had hardly laid aside her bonnet, when Mr. Harton and his myrmidons reappeared.

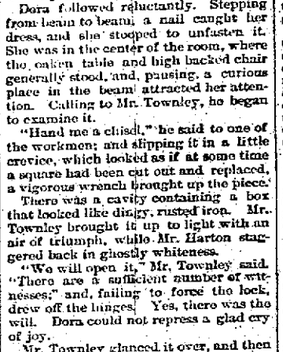
Allingham Chorley had just time to slip a tiny note in Dora's hand, unperceived by Mr. Harton, as he passed through the hall, closely guarded. It contained these words:

DEAR LITTLE FRIEND—Do not be disturbed on my account. I have been rather unlucky, but it will come right in the end, I am convinced. I was in the observatory when Mr. Harton entered, so had no chance of escape. Please do not answer any questions if you can avoid them. I shall send for a legal friend of mine immediately, and when he comes I have a favor to ask of you.

Your grateful friend, A. C.

Before night Chorley Cliffs and the village were in a high state of excitement, and the wildest stories were circulated. Jane resolutely refused to admit any of her gossiping cronies, and busied herself about Mrs. Bertrand.

In a few days it was settled that the case was quite strong against Mr. Chorley. In order to relieve the Bertrands from suspicion, he had frankly stated to Mr. Harton how he gained admission. One of the men who had been in the past, and rescued Mr. Harton from a watery grave on the occasion of Mr. Chorley's first visit, suddenly remembered with great distinctness that he had seen the two men quarrelling, and that Mr. Chorley had pushed his antagonist off the cliff. He was ready to swear to this on the trial, which would soon be brought on. Mr. Harton visited Mrs. Bertrand and obligingly offered to release her, if she wished to leave the house before her term expired. She would have done this at once but for Dora's persuasion. The young girl could not analyze the strange tie that bound her to the place, but she pleaded earnestly to remain until October, as their original plan had been.



Just time to slip a tiny note in Dora's hand.

The friend that Mr. Chorley had sent for was a long while making his appearance, as the summons followed him from place to place, being always a little too late. He arrived a few days before the trial, and, calling on Miss Bertrand, brought her another note from Mr. Chorley. In this he said he had searched every where except under the study floor, and he wished now to have this done under the supervision of his friend, Mr. Townley, who was to defend him on the trial. It was his desire Dora should be present through the search.

Mr. Harton gnashed his teeth in impotent rage when he found he could not prevent this. He had intended to demolish the tower at his earliest convenience, but his daughter's marriage and the approaching trial had demanded too much of his attention to allow him to engage in it immediately. But he was present when the workmen began to remove the floor, and never left them for an instant.

It seemed as if this would be as unsuccessful as all the rest. No casket or package of any kind was found. Dora drew a long sigh of disappointment.

"I am afraid we must be convinced now," Mr. Townley said to her.

"I hope your client will be satisfied," was Mr. Harton's sneering retort. "We will sojourn now, if you please."

Dora followed reluctantly. Stepping from beam to beam, a nail caught her dress, and she stooped to unfasten it. She was in the center of the room, where the oaken table and high backed chair generally stood, and, pausing, a curious place in the beam attracted her attention. Calling to Mr. Townley, he began to examine it.

"Hand me a chisel," he said to one of the workmen; and slipping it in a little crevice, which looked as if at some time a square had been cut out and replaced, a vigorous wrench brought up the piece.

There was a cavity containing a box that looked like dingy, rusted iron. Mr. Townley brought it up to light with an air of triumph, while Mr. Harton staggered back in ghostly whiteness.

"We will open it," Mr. Townley said. "There are a sufficient number of witnesses;" and, failing to force the lock, drew off the hinges. Yes, there was the will. Dora could not repress a glad cry of joy.

Mr. Townley glanced it over, and then said to Mr. Harton:

"Can you tell me the date of your will?"

"Fifteenth of May, 18—. It was drawn up the last time Capt. Chorley was at home."

"This will is dated five years before that, but there is a codicil attached which bears the date of May 24."

Mr. Harton gave a despairing groan. Mr. Townley proceeded to read it. By the first will the property was divided equally between the two boys; the codicil provided, if Harold, who was then married, should die childless, his wife should retain only a life interest in the portion, and at her death it should revert to Vincent. The same provision was made for Harold, if Vincent should die first and childless.

During this reading a new thought had occurred to Mr. Harton. He would make his antagonist prove this will was written by Capt. Chorley before he left the Cliffs on his last voyage. It might be impossible to find the date of his going. So, although angry and disappointed, he declared he would contest the will to the last point.

Dora was too hopeful to be cast down by this. She reserved her expressions of delight for her mother and Jane, and lounged impatiently for the time when she might congratulate Mr. Chorley. But his trial did not end so happily as she had thought for. The evidence against him was pretty strong, but, fortunately for him, the jury failed to agree and the result was a new trial, as Mr. Harton was obstinate and energetic.

Then the two lawyers went to work with avidity to hunt up the missing date. Mr. Townley was successful. Capt. Chorley had remained at the Cliffs two days after making the addition to his will. Allingham Chorley's claim was established beyond a doubt.

How the document Mrs. Chorley discovered ever came into existence remained forever a secret. Mr. Harton was found dead in his bed the next morning, the passion and excitement of the last few days having culminated in an attack of heart disease. He had forbidden Olive to visit at the Cliffs, but now Mrs. Bertrand and Dora went to comfort the poor child. Clara and her husband were suddenly recalled home, the latter excessively indignant at the turn affairs had taken, and utterly refusing to do anything for Olive. If it pained or humiliated Clara to know she had been married solely for her wealth, she made no sign to those about her.

With his master's eye no longer upon him, the witness against Allingham Chorley wavered and grew confused, and finally admitted that it might have been an accident. The prisoner was honorably discharged, and warmly congratulated on his good fortune.

The first use he made of his freedom was to walk over to the Cliffs. Dora stood at the gate. She had so much to say, yet her eyes drooped under the gaze that met hers, and a strange, sweet crimson suffused her cheeks. He took both white hands in his, and kissed the sweet, silent mouth, and then, instead of going in immediately, walked up and down with her under the trees.

Late that evening they finished the conversation. She did it on this wise:

"I want you to ask poor Olive to come and live with us. She has lost everything, you know."

WHAT SHALL WE WEAR.

NEW YORK, LONDON AND FASHIONS IN DRESS.

Seasonable Millinery in Brief

Kid Bonnets and Bonnets Suited to the Aged Women—Summer Bonnets Especially for Every Dress Made.

The very latest ideas about fashion are to be had every month in the Ladies' Home Journal. The leaders in fashion will adopt. Fashions may change, but the ostrich feather loses its beauty. Having once carried feather certainly looks as if it had been out in the rain. Simple costumes have always been popular. Such a costume, carried naturally, and to your figure would not mean a violation of the law of nature.

A BRIDEGROOM'S HAT.

Here is a bridegroom's hat. It is of gray French gray velvet with gray feathers. It is designed to be worn with a particular dress of gray with a white waistcoat.

It is not always an easy matter to find a dressy and at the same time suitable bonnet for a middle aged woman. A black velvet bonnet is a safe style and one to be becoming. One seen had the center of the crown formed by a jet disk, jet points radiating from this over velvet. In the front jet and cerel cock's combs were effectively interwoven with an ostrich feather aigrette.

Kid is much used for millinery purposes. An attractive bonnet is made with folds of tan colored suede, surrounded by a crown of the same material and ornamented with black passementerie. A black butterfly bow is placed in front, in the midst of which another is tiny bird, whose breast plumage reproduces the soft tan shade of the kid.

Costumes for Fancy Dress Balls.

There is always more or less demand among society ladies for pleasing models in the way of fancy costumes. We, therefore, take pleasure in presenting illustrations in this direction that are both novel and attractive.

FANCY DRESS COSTUME.

One figure in the cut represents a "Fire Fairy." The skirt is of yellow satin, the train of straw colored satin, on which appear painted tongues of f

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

Smethport, Pa., March 7, 1890.

[illegible] has been appointed [illegible] this county

[illegible] is looking among the lawyers this County elected their [illegible] Thus far only ten out of the [illegible]

[illegible] Brownell, of Lawrence county, who has been out of public life since 1872, has announced his candidacy for the State Senate [illegible] next fall.

It is quite [illegible] to know how the Democratic majority in this Congress will [illegible] in the fight for holding the majority elections in McKean county is [illegible] about it.

The supreme [illegible] in the Harrisburg *Patriot* that Judge Pearson is mad [illegible] Republican nomination for Supreme Court, is only a blind sent out by some Republican eyes to the [illegible] personal purposes.

Wayne Arcadian Lincoln the young son of Hon. Robt. T. Lincoln, United States Minister to the Court of St. James, and the only person who bears the name of the great martyred patriot, died at the home of his father in London on Wednesday of this week from blood poison, arising from a dangerous carbuncle in the left side, below the arm pit.

Our townsman, Sheridan Gorton, Esq., received the nomination of Grand Master Workman of Pennsylvania, A. O. U. W. at the recent session at Williamsport. There was no [illegible] nomination, came quietly by [illegible] in a speech before the next meeting [illegible] Oil City and lodge to be held in [illegible] Tuesday, Oct 14th, 1890. This is a high compliment to one of our most deserving citizens.

The Senate Committee on Claims [illegible] to favorably report to a bill for the relief of the Jno Roach estate, [illegible] payment for labor and [illegible] furnished in the building of two [illegible] boats, amounting to $63,000. It will be remembered that Jno Roach, the great ship builder, was [illegible] by the Republican party and finally died [illegible] bitterness consequent on the [illegible] Cleveland administration [illegible] that estate will get just [illegible] Congress now in session

COL MILES RETIRED.

In commenting on the refusal of Congress to his promotion to Major General, the Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Times says: "The idea of promoting Colonel Miles to the command of the Department of the Columbia [illegible] Gen. Howard, who is also a Brigadier General, is not relished by the President, who is [illegible] Miles' personal enemy. Miles has been [illegible] Washington for the past two years, and has made himself very obnoxious to the President, while [illegible] Secretary of War Proctor. Miles [illegible] Proctor's appointment to the War Department, and has been [illegible] Proctor's administration

AUDITORS' REPORT

— OF THE —

Finances of McKean County,

TOGETHER WITH

COMMISSIONERS' -:- STATEMENT

FOR 1889.

John E. Shoemaker, Treasurer of McKean county, in account with the same, county, Dog fund within County of said county, for the year 1889.

COUNTY FUND.

Dr.		
To amt due from last account rendered		$ 5,012 45
To amt charged treasurer by county commissioners		1,348 29
To amt collected from collateral inheritance tax		10,813 90
To amt transferred from dog fund		50,000 00
To amt collected from state tax on loans, 4 mills, 1889		67 23 30
To amt collected from bank tax, 1889		5 29
To amt received from county treasurer		329 00
To amt received from county treasurer		267 39
To amt received from county treasurer		788 50
To amt transferred from dog fund		200 00
To amt overcharged on county bridge		1,000 23
		79,031 95

Cr		
By orders paid and cancelled		65,893 21
By county school supt's assistants expenses		300 00
By commission on $33,329 09 at 3 per cent	1,000 29	
Balance, due fund	12,777 33	79,031 95

DOG FUND.

Dr.		
To amt due last auditors' report		1,370 82
To amt dog taxes collected, acct 1888, '87, '86, and '85		1,472 71

Cr		
By orders paid and cancelled		1,477 65
By amt transferred to county fund		200 00
By commission on $1,413 53 at 3 per cent	42 40	
Balance due fund	$1,165 28	2,883 73

SCHOOL EXAMINATION FUND.

Dr.		
To amt due last auditors' report		2,077 60
To amt paid for reexaminations		297 79

Cr		
By orders paid and cancelled		2,268 10
Balance due fund		2,374 79

We the auditors of McKean county, having examined the accounts and vouchers of John E. Shoemaker, treasurer of said county, in account with the foregoing funds for the year 1889, do find them as above stated.

Witness our hands and seals at Smethport, this 17th day of February, 1890.

FRANK E. FOSTER, }
A. WICKS, } Auditors.
JNO. O. SONNEBURG, }

John E. Shoemaker, Treasurer of McKean county, in account with the Bridge fund of said county for the year 1889.

BRIDGE FUND.

Dr.		
To amt due from last auditors' report		$ 5,012 45
To amt charged treasurer by county commissioners		1,348 29
To amt collected from collateral inheritance tax		10,813 90
To amt transferred from county fund		50,000 00
To amt collected from state tax on loans, 4 mills, 1889		67 23 30
To amt collected from bank tax, 1889		5 29
To amt received from county treasurer		329 00
To amt received from county treasurer		267 39
To amt received from county treasurer		788 50
To amt transferred from dog fund		200 00
To amt overcharged on county bridge		1,000 23
		79,031 95

Cr		
By orders paid and cancelled		65,893 21
By county school supt's assistants expenses		300 00
By commission on $33,329 09 at 3 per cent	1,000 29	
Balance, due fund	12,777 33	79,031 95

DOG FUND.

Dr.		
To amt due last auditors' report		1,370 82
To amt dog taxes collected, acct 1888, '87, '86, and '85		1,472 71

Cr		
By orders paid and cancelled		1,477 65
By amt transferred to county fund		200 00
By commission on $1,413 53 at 3 per cent	42 40	
Balance due fund	$1,165 28	2,883 73

SCHOOL EXAMINATION FUND.

Dr.		
To amt due last auditors' report		2,077 60
To amt paid for reexaminations		297 79

Cr		
By orders paid and cancelled		2,268 10
Balance due fund		2,374 79

We the auditors of McKean county, having examined the accounts and vouchers of John E. Shoemaker, treasurer of said county, in account with the foregoing funds for the year 1889, do find them as above stated.

Witness our hands and seals at Smethport, this 17th day of February, 1890.

FRANK E. FOSTER, }
A. WICKS, } Auditors.
JNO. O. SONNEBURG, }

John E. Shoemaker, Treasurer of McKean county, in account with the Road, Special Levy and Road Bond funds of said county for the year 1889.

Annin Township—Road.

Dr.		
To amount due last auditors' report		1,141 87
To amt unsealed taxes collected, account 1888		1 00
To amt unsealed taxes collected, account 1889		38 54

Cr		
By orders paid and cancelled		83 37
By commission on $38 54 at 3 per cent	1 09	
Balance due fund	37 45	181 30

Bradford Township—Road.

Dr.		
To amount due last auditors' report		19 71
To unsealed taxes collected, account 1888		29 33
To unsealed taxes collected, account 1889		374 31

Cr		
By orders paid and cancelled		413 30
By commission on $413 30 at 3 per cent	11 57	
Balance due fund	1.34 05	422 03

Ceres Township—Road.

Dr.		
To amount due last auditors' report		183 15
To unsealed taxes collected, account 1888		8 35
To unsealed taxes collected, account 1889		139 70

Cr.		
By orders paid and cancelled		288 15
By commission on $331 20 at 3 per cent	9 93	
Balance due fund	43 00	331 20

Corydon Township—Road.

Dr		
To amount due last auditors' report		283 07
To unsealed taxes collected, account 1888		672 00
To unsealed taxes collected, account 1889		818 42

Cr		
By orders paid and cancelled		1,883 00
By commission on $1,709 49 at 3 per cent	51 29	
Balance due fund	889 20	1,940 49

POOR BUILDING FUND.

Dr.		
To amt due last auditors' report		12,289 47
To amt unsealed taxes collected acct's 1888, '87, '86, '85, '84		6,742 14
To amt unsealed taxes collected account 1889		1,207 56
To amt rec'd from A Longfellow on account purchase Barnes' farm		1,500 00
To amt received from A W Bond balance of contract		121 00
To amt received from sundry accounts		329 24
		22,439 71

Cr		
By bonds paid and cancelled		5,000 00
By interest on poor bonds		2,275 00
By commissions on $150,000 00 at 2 per cent		300 00
By amt transferred to poor fund		2,000 00
Balance due fund		12,864 71
		22,439 71

We the auditors of McKean county having examined the accounts and vouchers of John E. Shoemaker, treasurer of said county, in account with all of said of the McKean county poor district for the year 1889, do find them as above stated.

Witness our hands and seals at Smethport, this 17th day of February, 1890.

FRANK E. FOSTER, }
A. WICKS, } Auditors.
JNO. O. SONNEBURG, }

John E. Shoemaker, Treasurer of McKean county, in account with the Road, Special Levy and Road Bond funds of said county for the year 1889.

Annin Township—Road.

Dr.		
To amount due last auditors' report		1,141 87
To amt unsealed taxes collected, account 1888		1 00
To amt unsealed taxes collected, account 1889		38 54

Cr		
By orders paid and cancelled		83 37
By commission on $38 54 at 3 per cent	1 09	
Balance due fund	37 45	181 30

Bradford Township—Road.

Dr.		
To amount due last auditors' report		19 71
To unsealed taxes collected, account 1888		29 33
To unsealed taxes collected, account 1889		374 31

Cr		
By orders paid and cancelled		413 30
By commission on $413 30 at 3 per cent	11 57	
Balance due fund	1.34 05	422 03

Ceres Township—Road.

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To amount due last auditors' report		183 15
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To unsealed taxes collected, account 1889		139 70

Cr.		
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By commission on $331 20 at 3 per cent	9 93	
Balance due fund	43 00	331 20

Corydon Township—Road.

Dr		
To amount due last auditors' report		283 07
To unsealed taxes collected, account 1888		672 00
To unsealed taxes collected, account 1889		818 42

Cr		
By orders paid and cancelled		1,883 00
By commission on $1,709 49 at 3 per cent	51 29	
Balance due fund	889 20	1,940 49

POOR BUILDING FUND.

Dr.		
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To amt received from sundry accounts		329 24
		22,439 71

Cr		
By bonds paid and cancelled		5,000 00
By interest on poor bonds		2,275 00
By commissions on $150,000

Smethport, Pa., March 7, 1890.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

When the pretty country schoolma'am don't by-law
To polish her cheek on Windsor's way;
She is very likely to be complying
Herewith the modern custom if reproved,
By making, on her brother's, the advising
Of some other studied ornamental thing.
For the treatment toward the district that she's riding
To be searched in the early days of spring. [Puck.

—Argument court next week.

—Sugar sirups are now quite in general.

—The plumbers wear roseate smiles to-day.

—March comes in more like a lion than a lamb.

—Will Folsom of Port Allegany visited Smethport last Monday.

—"Assignee's sales are advertised this week, on the fourth page.

—Miss Ethel Armstrong of Water street, is visiting Olean friends.

—Sealskin sacques are now sought after instead of much as in days gone by.

—The thermometer registered seven degrees below zero this morning.

—Morganville Appraiser Eastman has finished his work throughout the county.

—The "sticks" about to gossiping on the quiet is anything outside of the sour grape order.

—Ex-County Treasurer John R. Sheehan is visiting friends in Buffalo this week.

—A number of showers in this locality are to be stocked with trout in a few weeks.

—Ex-sheriff A. F. Dumont was in Smethport on Tuesday, registered at the Central.

—W. B. Gallup is remodeling his store on the inside with paint and improving the looks very materially.

—Hon. H. B. Hamlin and wife departed on Tuesday for Florida where they will remain for several weeks.

—A new vein of coal, said to be the richest ever struck in this section, has been discovered at Clermont.

—Rev. F. W. Chandler of King street, is recovering gradually from a severe illness caused by a felon on the hand.

—Rev. J. H. McCandless, of St. Luke's Church, we are pleased to say is again able to attend to his parochial duties.

—F. H. Nunes has rented the tea shop in the rear of M. A. Sprague's hardware store and is doing a rushing business.

—Those who grease that were flying north the acceptance of the week will be very apt to have cold toes this morning.

—The strange disappearance of an East Smethport billiard room man, is creating considerable excitement in that place.

—H. C. Wells has removed his dentistry from the Central block to the opera house store room recently vacated by F. J. Vickery.

—The Baptist social will meet on Friday evening at the home of Mrs. P. D. Hopkins. All hearty invitation is extended to all.

—Miss Jennie Forsyth, who has been residing in Oakland, N. Y., for the past six months, returned to her home in this place last Friday.

—A capital picture of Capt. F. D. Metcker of Jersey Shore, Census Enumerator for this district, appeared in last Sunday's Williamsport *Grit*.

—Dime Theater *Keeper*.—A romantic writer speaks of rats as "nature shedding hairs." Probably nature is doing the same thing when the snow balls.

—Fishermen say that the coming season will be an unusually good one owing to the open winter. The streams are said to be full of the speckled beauties.

—Work on the interior of the new Odd Fellow's hall on Main street, is being pushed rapidly along, and that commodious building will soon be ready for occupancy.

—John Swanson of Upper Main street is made fairly happy by the arrival of a little girl visitor who has come to stay we hope for many years, and brighten his home.

—A meeting of the Council of Administration of the McKean County Association, C. A. S., has been called on March 15th, at 2 o'clock P. M., at G. A. R. Hall in Bradford.

—All are invited to the W. C. T. U. rooms, Gaskill building, Tuesday evening, March 11th, to attend a dime social. Refreshments will be served, and a pleasant time is anticipated.

—The *Mail* says that Olean has a scandal that will not stand print. We might say that other places occasionally have scandals that are too black to be painted on a Blanket by printers' ink.

—There is little innovation in gentlemen's fashions for the spring and summer of 1890. Trousers are cut a trifle looser, and the short, smart "sack back spring overcoat is out," "the correct thing."

—The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. H Hoffmann died on Saturday night last of hydrocea. The funeral was held on Monday. Mr. and Mrs Hoffman have the sympathy of the community.

—Correspondents are legion in Smethport. Besides a number of county papers, the Harrisburg *Sunday Telegraph*, the Williamsport *Grit* and other papers are furnished with weekly letters.

—We are indebted to Theo. Wernwag, Esq., of Philadelphia, for some new two cent stamps—the first we have seen. They are a carmine red in color and with that exception are like the stamps which have been in use several years.

—The casalle of Sheridan Gorton, Esq., of King street, was stormed and taken by a valiant band consisted of members of the A. O. U. W. last Tuesday night. We understand that Mr. Gorton was greatly surprised and that the oysters were delicious.

—The interior of the new town hall on Water and Fulton streets is being decorated and papered. Handsome carpets and furniture have been procured and the hall will soon be in readiness for the grand ball and reception to be given by the hose company.

—There will be quarterly meeting services at the M'thodist church next Sabbath. Love feast at 9.30 a. m., and preaching at 10.30 a. m., by the pastor, and at 7.30 by Rev. T. J. Bissell the presiding elder to be followed by the sacrament of the Lord's supper.

—At this writing there is some three inches of snow, the sleigh bells are jingling, and the prospects for ice are flattering, but in a few hours there may be no snow nor ice, and people may be seeking the shade of the noonday oak to keep from fainting in the noon-day sun.

—Argument court next week.

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—"Assignee's sales are advertised this week, on the fourth page.

—Miss Ethel Armstrong of Water street, is visiting Olean friends.

—Sealskin sacques are now sought after instead of much as in days gone by.

—The thermometer registered seven degrees below zero this morning.

—Morganville Appraiser Eastman has finished his work throughout the county.

—The "sticks" about to gossiping on the quiet is anything outside of the sour grape order.

—Ex-County Treasurer John R. Sheehan is visiting friends in Buffalo this week.

—A number of showers in this locality are to be stocked with trout in a few weeks.

—Ex-sheriff A. F. Dumont was in Smethport on Tuesday, registered at the Central.

—W. B. Gallup is remodeling his store on the inside with paint and improving the looks very materially.

—Hon. H. B. Hamlin and wife departed on Tuesday for Florida where they will remain for several weeks.

—A new vein of coal, said to be the richest ever struck in this section, has been discovered at Clermont.

—Rev. F. W. Chandler of King street, is recovering gradually from a severe illness caused by a felon on the hand.

—Rev. J. H. McCandless, of St. Luke's Church, we are pleased to say is again able to attend to his parochial duties.

—F. H. Nunes has rented the tea shop in the rear of M. A. Sprague's hardware store and is doing a rushing business.

—Those who grease that were flying north the acceptance of the week will be very apt to have cold toes this morning.

—The strange disappearance of an East Smethport billiard room man, is creating considerable excitement in that place.

—H. C. Wells has removed his dentistry from the Central block to the opera house store room recently vacated by F. J. Vickery.

—The Baptist social will meet on Friday evening at the home of Mrs. P. D. Hopkins. All hearty invitation is extended to all.

—Miss Jennie Forsyth, who has been residing in Oakland, N. Y., for the past six months, returned to her home in this place last Friday.

—A capital picture of Capt. F. D. Metcker of Jersey Shore, Census Enumerator for this district, appeared in last Sunday's Williamsport *Grit*.

—Dime Theater *Keeper*.—A romantic writer speaks of rats as "nature shedding hairs." Probably nature is doing the same thing when the snow balls.

—Fishermen say that the coming season will be an unusually good one owing to the open winter. The streams are said to be full of the speckled beauties.

—Work on the interior of the new Odd Fellow's hall on Main street, is being pushed rapidly along, and that commodious building will soon be ready for occupancy.

—John Swanson of Upper Main street is made fairly happy by the arrival of a little girl visitor who has come to stay we hope for many years, and brighten his home.

—A meeting of the Council of Administration of the McKean County Association, C. A. S., has been called on March 15th, at 2 o'clock P. M., at G. A. R. Hall in Bradford.

—All are invited to the W. C. T. U. rooms, Gaskill building, Tuesday evening, March 11th, to attend a dime social. Refreshments will be served, and a pleasant time is anticipated.

—The *Mail* says that Olean has a scandal that will not stand print. We might say that other places occasionally have scandals that are too black to be painted on a Blanket by printers' ink.

—There is little innovation in gentlemen's fashions for the spring and summer of 1890. Trousers are cut a trifle looser, and the short, smart "sack back spring overcoat is out," "the correct thing."

—The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. H Hoffmann died on Saturday night last of hydrocea. The funeral was held on Monday. Mr. and Mrs Hoffman have the sympathy of the community.

—Correspondents are legion in Smethport. Besides a number of county papers, the Harrisburg *Sunday Telegraph*, the Williamsport *Grit* and other papers are furnished with weekly letters.

—We are indebted to Theo. Wernwag, Esq., of Philadelphia, for some new two cent stamps—the first we have seen. They are a carmine red in color and with that exception are like the stamps which have been in use several years.

—The casalle of Sheridan Gorton, Esq., of King street, was stormed and taken by a valiant band consisted of members of the A. O. U. W. last Tuesday night. We understand that Mr. Gorton was greatly surprised and that the oysters were delicious.

—The interior of the new town hall on Water and Fulton streets is being decorated and papered. Handsome carpets and furniture have been procured and the hall will soon be in readiness for the grand ball and reception to be given by the hose company.

—There will be quarterly meeting services at the M'thodist church next Sabbath. Love feast at 9.30 a. m., and preaching at 10.30 a. m., by the pastor, and at 7.30 by Rev. T. J. Bissell the presiding elder to be followed by the sacrament of the Lord's supper.

—At this writing there is some three inches of snow, the sleigh bells are jingling, and the prospects for ice are flattering, but in a few hours there may be no snow nor ice, and people may be seeking the shade of the noonday oak to keep from fainting in the noon-day sun.

—The young man who says that a gently girl looks the sweetest in the simplest of a form and tattered working gladly of a form and tattered working gladly of rustic suggestions—to other dress of rustic suggestions—to other dress of rustic suggestions—is other dress of rustic suggestions—to other dress of rustic suggestions—is other dress of rustic suggestions—to other dress of rustic suggestions—is

Treasurer's Sales.

Notice is hereby given that I will expose to Public Sale or Outcry, at the COURT HOUSE, in the Borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, THE 23RD DAY OF JUNE, 1890

between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M. and 2 o'clock P. M. of said day, the following described Real Estate, or so much thereof as may be sufficient to pay the amount due on the several tracts of land, or undivided parts thereof, hereinafter mentioned, for taxes due the County of McKean for the year A. D. 1889, together with the costs of sale. The whole of each tract will be offered for sale unless a smaller quantity than the whole is purchased.

ANNEX TOWN 1227

Warrant No.	Name of Owner or Unknown.	Tax	Penalty	Total
1213	50 Jno J McCarey	$ 0 80		
	1 Richard Hopkins	16		
1	1 Jno Lahey	16		
1